THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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LETTERS FROM BELGIUM.

[Continued from page 36.]

LETTER IV.

Belgium, ——— 1842.

MY DEAR OLD THOMAS,

I have just received a letter from Mrs. Werner, in which she says she carried my letter to you herself, and read it to you. I was glad to hear it arrived at such an acceptable time, and that, instead of finding it too long, you declared I had not told you half you wished to know. And you have sent me so many questions to answer, that I think were I to answer by explaining every thing you inquire about, it would make a book instead of a letter. She says all the village is as anxious as you are to hear about Roman Catholics, for you have just got a new curate, who does so many strange things, and has so many new ways, that you are all wondering "what sort of a Christian he is." And Mrs. W. says that old Mary looked quite frightened, and said the people say he is quite a "Pusey," which, she says, she believes is something about Guy Fawkes, but she does not know at all what it is; but that you said he was a very good man, and is doing more for the spiritual good of the parish than has ever been done since you can remember; and that is pretty long too, seeing you are in your "eighty-one." And Mrs. W. says he likes very much to come and chat with you, and to hear all about your old family, and the good old customs at the Hall, for he seems to like every thing that is old and ancient. And she says you make him explain to you the meaning of his new ways in the Church, which he says are very old ways. And that he encourages all the old people to keep up their customs; and praised Mary very much for always curtseying before the altar when she passed it, though she says, if it has any thing to do with Popery, she thinks she had better leave it off. But it was her poor grandmother's custom, and she learnt it of her. So you see I know all about you, and long to know more. And to deserve to know about your new old customs, I will tell you still more of ours.

I was very glad the new curate had explained about making the sign of the cross, and some other things, as I have things of much more importance to write about; and it seems such a waste of time to explain things, and try to show why we practise this or that custom, when really people by their own common sense ought to see that it is right to do so. What, for instance, can be so natural as to mark on our body the sign of the cross, as a remembrance of our blessed Lord's dying on the cross for us? And yet some people require as much explanation of this, and as many reasons given for doing it, as if it were something superstitious, or even idolatrous. But in the same way as your curate has shown you, that this one custom is only a devout action, performed for the honour of God, and in remembrance of the "dying of our Lord Jesus," which St. Paul says we ought always to bear about with us; so I hope to show you that every thing which the Roman Catholic Church allows her children to do, or teaches them they must do, is solely and entirely for the honour of God, and for the practice of love to him. You will not see this all at once, for these customs and manners have been so long laid aside in England, that the meaning of them is forgotten; and bad men whose interest it was, many years ago, to diminish religious feeling in England, first got these practices to be laid aside, and then gave them another meaning, often turned them into ridicule, and made foolish verses and proverbs about them. So that no one knows any thing about their true signification, or why the Church practises them. Some things they call superstitious, which have nothing whatever to do with superstition; not seeming to know the real meaning of the word superstition, which in truth has to do with the devil; and all the practices which the Church allows, have to do with God; and are all used as means to excite to pray, or to remind to pray, or to aid to pray, or to remind of some one or other of God's mercies to us; or to unite us in praying for the members of some society to which we belong. The Roman Catholic Church abhors superstition, and is most vigilant in preventing her children from practising any thing that can tend in any way towards it. No Roman Catholic may go to a gipsy, for instance, to have his fortune told, or seek to find any thing out by consulting cunning men, or astrologers, as very respectable people often do in England. I was told by a friend a short time before I left England, that there are astrologers now in London, who have constantly carriages at their door. And I knew many persons who shunned what they called ill omens. A very clever and pious lady I have seen look quite alarmed at having three candles alight in the same room. Many will not begin any new work on a Friday, or travel, &c., because it is an unlucky day. A magpie alone, is thought an omen ill enough to prevent any thing being undertaken for some hours after seeing it. Now these things are superstitions. And these, or any thing like them, no Roman Catholic dare practise.

I had rather not answer your questions yet about the Virgin Mary, and saints, and all such things, because I had purposely avoided all mention of them in my last letter, in order, first, to show you the fruits and flowers of the church's magnificent garden, that you might judge for yourself, whether it were possible that such could grow on corrupted trees and plants. And when I have shown you a few more of these rich productions, and introduced you to some of the grand and solemn means by which such good things are produced, I will then talk to you about saints, and images, and beads, and candles; as you will then see, that they are also used as means to assist in the culture of our spiritual garden, in the same way as binding to stems with thin and delicate bands, and watering with a gentle hand, are useful to preserve alive the vigour which plants have already derived from the rich soil and fine situation wherein they grow.

I have already told you that the ground and foundation of every thing with Roman Catholics is CHRIST.

God hath very highly exalted Him, and the church, following out the mind of God, very highly exalts Him, giving His as a name to be above every name. The name of JESUS: this is the first name her infants are taught to lisp, and the last they are trained to utter in the agony of death—JESUS. There is life, and light, and love, and peace, and consolation, and glory to a Roman Catholic in that one beloved word. It awakens feeling when all feeling seems exhausted. I remember, among others, one beautiful instance of this. I stood by the dying bed of a lovely little girl, about seven years old, whose exhaustion was so great —she was dying of consumption—that for several days she had taken only a few strawberries. She did not notice me, nor could her mother or father arouse her attention to me, though she had always shown the most lively pleasure at my visits. The Pastor came in, she loved her Pastor, but took no notice of him now. He wished to speak with her once more on her spiritual interests, and anxiously tried several means to engage her to give some token that she was sensible. But none succeeded. At last he took a little crucifix from his pocket, and placing it against her lips: "Dear Johanne," he said, "it is the crucifix—you love Jesus, your sweet Jesus—do you not?" The child immediately turned round, and kissed the crucifix affectionately. She had been sensible of all we had been saying to her, but only when her strongest feelings were addressed could she exert herself to notice any thing. Her strongest feelings were for her Redeemer.

When any one suffers, they immediately refer to the sufferings of Christ, and exhibit a patience I never before witnessed. "We must suffer for Christ," is their constant remark. They seem to live with Him as a daily friend. 'Our Lord would not have it so," they say when their will is opposed in any thing; "And he knows better than I what is good for me." A poor widow, whose infant had just followed her young husband to the grave, said resignedly to me, when I went in to comfort her, "I have cried very much all night, but our Lord knows that I feel He can bring my baby up for himself, better than I could have done it for him." He is loved as a Friend, and cherished as a Brother; He is adored as a Saviour, and worshipped as God.

Sometimes he is brought before us by our Church as our Prophet, sometimes as our Priest, sometimes as our King, sometimes as our Shepherd, sometimes as our Victim for sin, sometimes as "Wonderful" in his judgments, sometimes as the "Prince of Peace" in his mercies. Every invention is in use with the Church to keep him and his dear love for us ever before us. Every circumstance of his earthly life is dwelt upon, and made an occasion for contemplating Him, and preparing ourselves to dwell for ever with Him. But it would be impossible for me to make you comprehend the great and glorious thoughts a Roman Catholic has of the adorable Redeemer unless I introduce you to the Mass. Your curiosity as to "what is the Mass?" is very natural; and as you seem to inquire with a real desire for truth, and are prepared by your conversations with your Curate, to respect, at least, many Roman Catholic customs, I think I may venture to open to you our sacred treasure. Had you answered in another manner to my first letter, I should have waited and hesitated before I approached this great mystery. For Roman Catholics must generally hide beneath their own bosom, their feelings and awful love of this their Holy of Holies, lest, by manifesting their own affection they expose to contempt the object of their most sacred veneration. Even amongst each other they maintain a reserve in speaking of this hidden treasure; and this gives so much occasion for strangers to suppose they have greater feeling, and more devotion towards created beings, even towards things inanimate, than they have towards God. Because towards those they are free to manifest their feelings, and have no sacred awe towards them to keep them in check. Whereas towards the solemn Sacred Mass every awful, venerable, deep, holy feeling, is in exercise. And such are too sacred to be exposed, even to those who can feel with them, much less to those who could not understand them. For your sake, and for the sake of those who are around you, and in whom I have a dear interest, I will approach this most Holy subject; only asking you, that if you cannot believe what I, by the grace of God, have been mercifully guided to believe, you will for Christ's sake, and for your own soul's sake, abstain from ridiculing and speaking against it. Let me ask you, at least, to be reverent towards God's mysteries. I also ask you not to read this letter to any one who is not well disposed towards Roman Catholics, as it would be exposing them to add sin to sin. We are accused of raising created beings into the place of God, but those who thus believe of us, do not know that it is they, and not we, who cause the distortion. We have not raised any thing, God forbid, into His unapproachable place, but others have lowered Him to their cold notions of His Mercy. They have hidden, or cast aside, his grandest manifestation of this His darling attribute; and this has thrown every thing out of its place.

"God manifest in the flesh," for three and thirty years, they hold as part of their creed. But God remaining among us in the same flesh, they have cast aside. This is the grand truth which separates the Roman Catholic from the rest of the world, and will ever separate him from every other communion. He has God so near in the Blessed Eucharist, that every other belief is a blank, a place of banishment to his soul. This is the key-stone of the arch which holds every other in its proper and subordinate place—the glorious Sun of the system, around which every planet turns, and from which each derives its light and warmth. But England has turned herself away from her life-giving Centre, and chosen for herself a resting-place on the cold dark side of her very limited world. How can she then see any but our "lesser lights," and what wonder if they appear to her but "wandering stars?" Or if they but too frequently shoot across her path as meteors of the imagination, whichever she follows, she imagines it must be to her destruction? But if she would only "turn and repent," and look with an eagle gaze once more towards her Day Star, how quickly would the mist which now clouds her vision, be removed, and how clearly would she see the harmony of our magnificent arrangement! How immediately would every, even the most minute, body fall into its own place, and its necessity for the completion of the one grand whole be made manifest to her cleared judgment!

Oh, England, England, if thou couldst but learn, even thou, at least, in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! Thou over whom thy Redeemer has wept these three hundred years, because thou hast hidden Him from thine eyes!

Thou who hast so many children who love their Saviour with enthusiastic love, why hide Him from them in the dearest invention of His love for them? Show Him once again to them, dwelling night and day among them, as they used to possess Him. Show Him once again daily descending upon the same altars, upon which He had for centuries descended for your former children; for England's sons and daughters—before they cast away their mercies. Show Him once again reposing on those altars, awaiting daily their answer to his gracious question—"What will ye that I should do unto you?" Show Him once again ascending from those altars, in sacrifice for the attaining of the request made in that answer. Affectionate England, warm-hearted England, how eagerly would your children embrace such a faith! And once embraced, how sweetly would ye find its exact suitableness to your inmost feelings! How dearly would ye cherish reality in exchange for imaginings! How calmly and fervently would your loving hearts rest upon the great object of your search, now found and brought home to you for ever!

All the books that have been ever written, and all the sermons that have been ever preached, to set aside this great Article of Faith; to all and each, the Roman Catholic has an answer in one short text: "God is Love."

It is of necessity that love must have an object. Man was created to be this object—wonder of wonders—to be this object to GOD. Love must have a return from the object loved, and to provoke this return, every thing in creation of beautiful and good was given to man. But he was ungrateful, and fell. A greater scheme of love than creation, then met his disobedient heart—the scheme of Redemption. To this his attention was to be kept alive by a system of daily duties, all reminding him of the one great plan formed for bringing him home to God. The most important of these was sacrifice. From the beginning we read of Cain's sacrifice. It was never lost sight of, that our redemption must be purchased by sacrifice. Man's memory must be constantly exercised thereon. Next in importance was the attention he must give to the special presence of God in the Holy of Holies, under the law of Moses, God's delight in dwelling with the sons of men being thus shown to them, and also prefiguring his dwelling among them in a more special manner under the law of grace. Frail, forgetful man would soon have forgotten the promised Saviour, had not every invention been used to keep Him in remembrance. And as he would have forgotten the Saviour who was yet to come, had He not been brought constantly before him in the daily sacrifice and ceaseless ceremonies of the old law; so would he now be forgotten, or but coldly loved, had he not arranged a plan to preserve Himself and His precious dying for us daily before us. Christ knew that his having lived three and thirty years on the same earth with us, and in the same human nature, and dying in that nature, would be but darkly and coldly thought of, as years passed on; He, therefore—matchless invention of love—contrived a means by which to live on to the end of time among his faithful ones, in the same divine and human nature, veiling both from the eye of sense, by the same almighty will, as he had veiled his Godhead, while living on earth as a poor carpenter's son. Read your Bible, and study the ancient ceremonies and sacrifices of the Jews, and then remember, that all that they were used for (viz., to prefigure the Messiah, yet to come), is comprehended to the Roman Catholic, in the sacred service of the Mass, in memorial and renewal of His having been. I will try to explain every thing as clearly as I can, but you will not comprehend its vastness and depth all at once; for it is difficult, very difficult, to any one to understand and feel its sacred meaning, who has not been trained, as Roman Catholics are trained, from their earliest infancy.

"Will God in very deed dwell with men?" Solomon exclaimed when he had prepared the Temple. And if the condescending of the Almighty, to "come down" and be "contained" in that earthly house, overwhelmed the wisest of men, so as almost to raise a righteous doubt in his mind, whether he were correct in believing so stupendous a mystery, may we not forbear, before we condemn our Protestant countrymen, who have been educated to cast aside this grand article of faith, if they cannot see all at once the truth and grandeur of Jesus, dwelling body and soul in his Divinity and in his Humanity among us, veiled under the appearance of bread and wine? Yes, they who once lived under the same dark cloud of error, know how to bear with the often slow perception of others of this astonishing mystery, because they

know how slow they were themselves to feel its reality. The new convert to Catholic truth cannot comprehend in the infancy of his new perceptions, the extent of his heavenly Father's love, any more than an infant can comprehend the excessive love of its natural mother. Yet in the same way as an infant clings to its mother, and finds no joy with any other, but only loneliness and sadness; so the Roman Catholic convert clings to God in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, quietly awaiting from day to day, for grace to perceive more and more clearly his blessings therein given.

The service of the Mass is something quite different from any Protestant service. The Protestant religion is without sacrifice; or if sacrifice is darkly acknowledged and dimly perceived by *some*, in the communion service, it is quite different from the Roman Catholic service of the Mass, which is essentially a continual sacrifice, and Roman Catholics are trained to offer it as such.

You have been taught to bear always in mind the great sacrifice of Christ upon the cross, once offered; but Roman Catholics do much more. They *renew* before God the sacrifice of the cross every time that they are present at the Mass, which is *continuatory* of the sacrifice of the cross, and in which Christ renews before the mercy-seat of God his propitiatory offering of Himself.

In the same way as Priests were appointed to offer the sacrifices of the old law, and the people joined in the offerings by their presence; so Christ has ordained Priests who offer Him for the people, and they unite in the offering by being present.

Christ, in order to become our daily victim, in continuation of the one great sacrifice of the cross, "having loved his own, he loved them unto the end," to give them a pledge altogether divine and admirable of this love, and to realize to them his assurance, "behold, I am with you always," took an incomprehensible means, infinitely above all things natural, giving the power to Priests, consecrated according to his ordinance, to change bread and wine into his adorable person as God and man.

Every time therefore that a Priest performs Mass, he produces by the priestly might, Jesus Christ.

Every time that a Priest performs Mass, he offers up this immaculate Victim in sacrifice to God.

I will not now describe or explain the various ceremonies and circumstances by which this most solemn service is attended. First, because you may find them described in so many Catholic books, in our catechisms, and forms of prayer, and many others. Secondly, because I wish exclusively to direct your mind to understand the *feeling* of Roman Catholics in regard to this daily sacred service. When any ceremony assists me in doing this, I will speak of it.

Represent now to yourself the High-Priest of the Jews offering the morning sacrifice, and the people around him devoutly uniting with him in heart and mind.

Then think of us in this quiet village, kneeling around the altar of our beautiful little Church, offering by our Priest the reality of the sacrifice which those ancient services prefigured, and I will try to bring you to understand something of our feeling at these sacred moments.

One of the first duties of a Roman Catholic is, to assist at the Mass with fitting devotion, which he is taught to attain to by meditation and prayer. Thus, as I have before told you, he must endeavour to "prepare his heart" previously to the commencement of the service, by preserving his mind in repose, and forming his intention—the intention with which he wishes to offer the sacrifice.

There were four principal intentions, in one or other of which every one of the ancient sacrifices was offered.

I. The holocaust or whole burnt-offering, which was wholly consumed for the honour and glory of God.

II. The sin-offering, which was offered as a confession of sins, and as a propitiation for them.

III. The peace-offering, which was offered either as an offering of thanksgiving, or for the obtaining fresh blessings or graces.

Under the Christian law we have but one sacrifice, namely: that of the Body and Blood of Christ: but this one sacrifice perfectly answers all the ends of the four ancient sacrifices, and both Priest and people join in offering it up for these four ends: namely,

I. To the honour and glory of God.

II. As propitiatory for sin.

III. As a sacrifice of thanksgiving.

IV. For the obtaining of fresh blessings.

In union with these four principal ends, the Christian sacrifice is generally offered for some special end, sometimes for some particular person or object. This is the Priest's care; and the people do not always know what the particular intention of the Priest is.

Besides these, each individual present may offer it for himself, or for some private end of his own.

Thus each must consider before the service begins, what are the intentions with which he is going to assist in offering Mass: or in other words, the Christian Sacrifice.

This teaches him to think for himself, as books would not help him much, but rather interfere with his reflections.

He prays and meditates something in this way, supposing him to have already offered his first morning prayers as before. He is on his way to Church, and awakens his mind to a sense of the great duty he is about to perform, by pious ejaculations such as these: "I am approaching the mount Calvary, to witness my Saviour's sacrifice of Himself for me. By thy cross and precious death, Jesus, have mercy upon me."

"By the offering which thou wilt make of thyself for me this day, Jesus, have mercy upon me." On entering the Church, he makes the sign of the cross, saying, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, I come into the presence of the Almighty God."

Kneeling devoutly down before the altar, he prepares for the service, in something like such a meditation as this:

"I renew the dedication which I have already made of myself to thee, O my God, here in thy special presence. I have already offered to thee all that I am and have; I now lay all upon thine altar, and

offer it in union with the blessed sacrifice which Christ is about to make of himself for me.

"I offer unto thee my thoughts—regulate and guide them to be wholly thine this day.

"I offer unto thee my words—set a watch before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips. If I should be tempted to sin with my mouth this day, let me remember that I have given my words to thee, and that I must, therefore, speak only to thy honour and glory.

"I offer unto thee my works—especially my religious duties—my hearing this mass—my prayers and meditations. I offer unto thee my daily occupations: if they should be wearisome, or painful, or mean, or humiliating, let me make a sacrifice of all pleasure therein to thee. I offer unto thee my feelings: if they are peaceful or joyous, accept them as an offering of thanksgiving; if painful and sorrowful, I beseech thee accept them in penance for the sufferings my sins have deserved.

"I offer all to be sacrificed to thee wholly, take what thou wilt, and teach me to say, Thy will be done. Or if thou see fit to return these blessings to me, return them sanctified with thy blessing.

"Prepare my heart to assist at this mass, with the fear, reverence, and devotion, which such awful mysteries demand. I believe that the sacrifice which thy Priest is about to offer is the real body and blood of Christ. I believe that Christ is about to descend upon this altar, in his divine and human nature. I believe that He is about to renew the sacrifice of the cross, and to be consumed at the communion of the Priest, as a Holocaust to thine honour and glory, as a propitiation for our sins, as a thank-offering for mercies, as an offering for obtaining new ones. I offer the sacrifice to these ends. I also unite my intention with that of the Priest, whatever it may be. And I specially offer this mass" [here he makes a devout mention of the end he proposes for himself, either as a propitiation for such and such a sin, or for the obtaining of such and such a virtue; as humility, gentleness, vigilance, for some relative or friend, some sick person, &c. &c.]

The congregation assembled, and all devoutly kneeling with their faces turned towards the altar, a bell is rung to announce that the Priest is about to enter, which he does in his sacrificial dress, attended by the children who are to serve him and respond during the service, and bearing in his hand the communion cup, empty, and above it a little gold plate containing the bread which is to be consecrated. It is not ordinary bread such as is used at the communion in your Church, but unleavened bread, made in little cakes the size of a crown piece, and looking exactly like a white wafer. The wine is brought by the children, and also a little water which is to be used. These are in small jugs of glass or silver as it may be, and are placed on a side table. The Priest ascends the Altar steps, and places the chalice and paten on the Altar. The book containing the words of the service of the mass, has been previously placed on the altar, and the places therein found by the clerk. The Priest then descends the altar steps, and turning his face towards the altar begins the Mass.

In large churches it would be impossible for the people to hear the words, let them be in what language they might. But it is not necessary they should. They know every thing he is doing, and follow him from part to part by his actions which they see, not by his words which they hear.

The service of the Mass is an action uniting in itself every thing in which devotion consists. And being to be applied by each individual to himself, and his own particular circumstances, it would interrupt rather than assist his prayers, if he were obliged to join in the words which the priest repeats. However, every one can join in them if he please, as he has them, or may have them, in his book in his native language; and, as I said, without hearing the priest, he knows by every action which prayer he is saying. The most general method adopted is, to follow the priest, and to fill up the intervals, and they are several, with litanies and prayers applicable to the intention previously formed.

If he follow the priest in the very words of the mass, they are very beautiful, and may be applied to every end proposed. If he follow him in other forms, they are forms composed upon the prayers of the mass, and are also very beautiful; and the intervals leave much room for extempore prayer or litanies, &c. If he choose to have no book at all, but join in heart with every action of the service, he can thus fill up the whole time with extempore prayer.

The Church is as a magnificent tree, which never falls before the fiercest storms, yet allows its every branch to curve and wave in its own natural gracefulness to the slightest breath of air which passes it by, or under the gentlest dew which falls upon it. She, the Church, is most firm in essentials, but becomes all things to all men, to suit the individual character of each of her children. We will suppose a person following the Priest in the very words of the Mass, which begins thus:

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, I approach the Altar of God."

This is followed by a psalm, and the psalm by a general confession of sins, first by the Priest, and then by the people, then the general absolution, and a few responses all indicated to the people by the posture and action of the Priest. He then ascends the altar steps, asking God to take away his and our iniquities, that we may be worthy to enter the Holy of Holies. Bowing before the altar he repeats another prayer, asking forgiveness of sins, which contains words you would not yet understand in their true meaning as we do. Here begins the part which changes according to each day, which is partly pointed out by the dress of the priest, and at length in our calendars, which we ought to have looked into at home. To this we now turn, and the priest reads the same from his book on the altar; he next turns and calls upon God to have mercy upon us, in a feeling devout voice; the children kneeling at the foot of the altar and repeating the same words. This is followed by the "Glory to God in the highest," as in your communion service; he then returns to his book, and reads the collect or collects for the day, which we seek in their proper places; then the epistles, &c. between these and the

gospel he bows before the altar, and asks God to cleanse his heart and lips, that he may worthily announce this gospel. At the gospel all stand up; this is followed by the Nicene Creed, exactly the same as in your books; or if there is a sermon, he preaches between the gospel and the creed. After the creed, is recited a short prayer, called the Offertory, at which the priest turns round and spreading his hands towards the people says, "The Lord be with you," to which they reply in their heart, not aloud, "And with thy spirit." At every thing his action points out to us exactly which prayer, &c. he is saying. If a person enters a Church where Mass is being performed, he knows exactly without hearing a sound what the priest is saying, and in what part of the service he is, even to the shortest sentence, and can immediately join him. —We have now arrived at the beginning of the most solemn part of the Mass, and I fear my letter would be too long were I to go through all its solemn circumstances now; I will, therefore, defer it to my next. Tell Harry our children are being prepared for their first communion, and I will write a letter to him, and tell him all about it. It is one of our most beautiful days, the first communion of the children.——*(To be continued.)*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"Nothing is more sacred with a Druse than his public reputation. He will overlook an insult, if known only to him who has offered it; and will put up with blows where his interest is concerned, provided nobody is a witness: but the slightest abuse given in public, he revenges with the greatest fury. This is the most remarkable feature of the national character. In public a Druse may appear honourable, but he is easily tempted to a contrary behaviour, when he has reason to think that his conduct will remain undiscovered. The ties of blood and friendship have no power among them: the son no sooner attains the years of maturity, than he begins to plot against his father." This reminds us of that passage in Eccles. vii. 1. "*A good name* is better than precious ointment."—Jowett's Christian Researches in Syria.

"A prisoner was brought, who had two large logs of wood fitted to the small of his leg, and rivetted together; there was also a heavy triangular collar of wood about his neck. The general asked me, if that man had taken my goods. I told him, I did not remember to have seen him before. He was questioned some time, and at length ordered to be beaten with sticks, which was performed by two soldiers with such severity as if they meant to kill him. The soldiers were then ordered to spit in his face, an indignity of great antiquity in the East. This, and the cutting off beards, brought to my mind the sufferings recorded in the prophetical history of our Saviour." *Isaiah*, i. 6. "*I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting.*"—Hanway.

"On seeing the caravan, one of the labourers ran from his companions, and approaching us, stood on his hands, with his feet aloft in the air, and gave other demonstrations of joy, when he presented us with an ear of corn and a flower, as an offering of the first-fruits of the year. Another remnant also of another very ancient usuage, in the wave offering of the sheaf and the ear of corn, commanded to the Israelites by Moses. We returned for it a handful of paras, or small tin coin, and answered the shout of joy which echoed from the field, by acclamations from the caravan." This custom is referred to in *Levitious* xxiii. 10. "*When ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a sheaf of the first-fruits of your harvest unto the priest.*"—Buckingham's Travel's in Mesopotamia.

THE LOST SPIRIT;

OR,

PARENTS, TAKE CARE TO TEACH RELIGION.

"No one cared for my soul."—Ps. cxlii.

Weep, sire, with shame and ruing!
Weep for thy child's undoing!
For the days when I was young,
Then no prayer was taught my tongue,
Nor the Record from on high,
Of the life that cannot die.
Wiles of the world and men
Of their three-score years and ten,
Earthly profit—human praise—
These thou sett'st before my gaze
As the guiding stars of life;—
As the meed of toil and strife:—
Oh! I ran the world's race well,
And now I find my guerdon—Hell.

Weep, mother, weep! yet know
'Twill not shorten endless woe;
Prayers will not loose my chain,
Nor repentance soften pain,
Nor the life-blood of thy frame,
For one moment quench this flame.
Do not weep beside my tomb,
There it is a painless gloom;
Let the world and darkness prey
On my senseless slumbering clay;
But mourn, and well, the priceless gem,
That cannot cannot dwell with them;
Weep, and long, the Spirit's fate,
Yet know thy tears are all too late,—
Had they sooner fallen—well;
Oh, I had not wept in Hell!

Physician! canst thou weep?
Then let tears thy pillow steep!
Couldst thou view Time's heaving wave,
Doom'd to whelm me in its grave,
Watch the last and lessening space
Of my soul's brief hour of grace,
Yet with gay unfaltering tongue,
Promise health and pleasure long,
On the brink of that profound,
Without measure, depth, or bound;
View me busied with the toys,
Of a world of shadowy joys?
—Oh, had look or sign or breath,
Then proclaim'd the march of Death,
E'en though Nature in the strife,
Then had loosed her hold on life,
And the worm receiv'd its prey,
Perchance a still more early day—
Who can tell, who can tell,
But my soul had 'scaped from Hell!

Parents, well may ye look pale,
Never should your weeping fail,
For the living, for the dead,
There is guilt upon your head!
Ye did make the "narrow way,"
As the broad one, smooth and gay;
But the soul unchang'd within,
Ye left the Sinner in his sin,
Of God and Christ unshriven,
Cheated too with dreams of Heaven:
Now through life, I know full well,
I dream'd, and only woke—in Hell!

Injuries to Public Gardens.—The English are, perhaps, the only people in Europe who cannot be admitted freely into public walks, gardens, or buildings, without committing some injury or nuisance. Names are cut on trees and benches, or something or other is mutilated or defaced. It is very different on the continent. The public gardens at Frankfort are only separated from the high-road by a single rail, and yet nothing is injured, although no one is excluded. In these gardens a nightingale had for many years built its nest on a particular spot, close to one of the walks. It was seen by every one, and yet no one molested it, until one day a foreign servant saw it, and took it. When it became known, the man was hunted by a mob, taken before the city authorities, and the fact being proved, he was sentenced to have his coat turned, to be drummed out of the city with every mark of disgrace, and never to enter it again. I am inclined to hope, by degrees, we are becoming more mannerly and trustworthy sight-seers than we have hitherto been. The fine gardens of Hampton Court palace are now thrown open to the public; and I believe that the instances are very rare in which any injury is done to the plants.—*Jessie's Gleanings in Natural History.*

MYNHEER VON WODENBLOCK.

A MARVELLOUS HISTORY.

He who has been at Rotterdam, will remember a house of two stories which stands in the surburbs just adjoining the basin of the canal that runs between that city and the Hague, Leyden, and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced. His profession was that of a surgical instrument-maker, but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. And, in good truth, if you had seen how very handsome and delicate were the *understandings* fashioned by Mynheer Turningvort, you would have been puzzled to settle the question whether, on the whole, a timber or cork supporter was not superior to a more common-place and troublesome one of flesh and blood, the more especially if, in your real toes, you were ever tormented with gout or corns.

One morning, just as Master Turningvort was giving its final smoothness and polish to a calf and ancle, a messenger entered his *studio*, to speak classically, and requested that he would immediately accompany him to the mansion of Mynheer Von Wodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant in Rotterdam, so the artist put on his best wig, and set forth with his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his silver-headed stick in the other. It so happened that Mynheer Von Wodenblock had been very laudably employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relation out of doors, but, in endeavouring to hasten the odious wretch's progress down stairs by a slight impulse *a posteriore* (for Mynheer seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relations), he had unfortunately lost his balance, and tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom, he found, on recovering his senses, that he had broken his right leg, and that he had lost three teeth. He had at first some thoughts of having his poor relation tried for murder; but being naturally of a merciful disposition, he only sent him to gaol on account of some unpaid debt, leaving him there to enjoy the comfortable reflection, that his wife and children were starving at home. A dentist soon supplied the invalid with three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indigent poet's head at the rate of ten stivers a-piece, but for which he prudently charged the rich merchant one hundred dollars. The doctor upon examining his leg, and recollecting that he was at that moment rather in want of a subject, cut it carefully off, and took it away with him in his carriage to lecture upon it to his pupils. So Mynheer Von Wodenblock, considering that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk and not to hop, and being, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favour of the former mode of locomotion, sent for our friend at the canal basin, in order that he might give directions about the representative, with which he wished to be supplied for his lost member.

The artificer entered the wealthy burgher's apartment. He was reclining on a couch, with his left leg looking as respectable as ever, but, with his unhappy right stump wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious and ashamed of its own littleness. "Turningvort, you have heard of my misfortune; it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion; but let that pass. You must make me a leg: and it must be the best leg, Sir, you ever made in your life." Turningvort bowed. "I do not care what it costs;" Turningvort bowed yet lower; "provided it outdoes everything you have yet made of a similar sort. I am for none of your wooden spindleshanks. Make it of cork; let it be light and elastic; and cram it as full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and cannot be more specific in my directions; but this I am determined upon, that I shall have a leg as good as the one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had, and if I get it from you your reward is a thousand guineas." The Dutch Prometheus declared, that to please Mynheer Von Wodenblock he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done before, and undertook to bring him, within six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turningvort was a man of speculative as well as practical science, and there was a favourite discovery which he had long been endeavouring to make, and in accomplishing which he imagined he had at last succeeded that very morning. Like all other manufacturers of terrestrial legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty in his progress towards perfection, to consist in its being apparently impossible to introduce into them any thing in the shape of joints, capable of being regulated by the will, and of performing those important functions achieved under the present system, by means of the admirable mechanism of the knee and ankle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavouring to obviate this grand inconvenience, and though he had undoubtedly made greater progress than any body else, it was not till now that he believed himself completely master of the great secret. His first attempt to carry it into execution was to be in the leg he was about to make for Mynheer Von Wodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that with this magic leg, carefully packed up, the acute artizan again made his appearance before the expecting and impatient Wodenblock. There was a proud twinkle in Turningvort's grey eye, as he untied the precious bundle. He spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgher the number of additions he had made to the internal machinery, and the purpose which each was intended to serve. The evening wore away in these discussions concerning wheels within wheels, and springs acting upon springs. When it was time to retire to rest, both were equally satisfied of the perfection of the work; and at his employer's earnest request, the artist consented to remain where he was for the night, in order that early next morning he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed, and Mynheer Von Wodenblock walked forth to the street in ecstasy, blessing the inventive powers of one who was able to make so excellent a hand of his leg. It seemed indeed to act to admiration; in the merchant's mode of walking there was no stiffness, no effort, no constraint. All the joints performed their office without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, not even a connoisseur in lameness, would have suspected that there was any thing uncommon, any great collection of accurately adjusted clock-work under the full well-slashed pantaloons of the substantial-looking Dutchman. Had it not been for a slight tremulous motion occasioned by the rapid whirling of about twenty small wheels in the interior, and a constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, he would even himself have forgotten that he was not, in all respects, as he used to be, before he lifted his right foot to bestow a parting benediction on his poor relation,

He walked along in the renovated buoyancy of his spirits till he came in sight of the Stadt House; and just at the foot of the flight of steps that lead up to the principal door, he saw his old friend Mynheer Vanoutern, waiting to receive him. He quickened his pace, and both mutually held out their hands to each

other by way of congratulation, before they were near enough to be clasped in a friendly embrace. At last the merchant reached the spot where Vanoutern stood; but what was that worthy man's astonishment to see him, though he still held out his hand, pass quickly by, without stopping, even for a moment, to say, "How d'ye do?" But this seeming want of politeness arose from no fault of our hero's. His own astonishment was a thousand times greater, when he found that he had no power whatever to determine either when, where, or how his leg was to move. So long as his own wishes happened to coincide with the manner in which the machinery seemed destined to operate, all had gone on smoothly; and he had mistaken his own tacit compliance with its independent and self-acting powers for a command over it which he now found he did not possess. It had been his most anxious desire to stop to speak with Mynheer Vanoutern, but his leg moved on, and he found himself under the necessity of following it. Many an attempt did he make to slacken his pace, but every attempt was vain. He caught hold of the rails, walls, and houses, but his leg tugged so violently, that he was afraid of dislocating his arms, and was obliged to go on. He began to get seriously uneasy as to the consequences of this most unexpected turn which matters had taken; and his only hope was, that the amazing and unknown powers, which the complicated construction of his leg seemed to possess, would speedily exhaust themselves. Of this, however, he could as yet discover no symptoms.

He happened to be going in the direction of the Leyden Canal; and when he arrived in sight of Mynheer Turningvort's house, he called loudly upon the artificer to come to his assistance. The artificer looked out from his window with a face of wonder. "Villain!" cried Wodenblock, "come out to me this instant!—you have made me a leg with a vengeance!—It won't stand still for a moment. I have been walking straight forward ever since I left my own house, and unless you stop me yourself, Heaven only knows how much farther I may walk!—Don't stand gaping there, but come out and relieve me, or I shall be out of sight, and you will not be able to overtake me." The mechanician grew very pale; he was evidently not prepared for this new difficulty. He lost not a moment, however, in following the merchant to do what he could towards extricating him from so awkward a predicament. The merchant, or rather the merchant's leg, was walking very quick, and Turningvort, being an elderly man, found it no easy matter to make up to him. He did so at last, nevertheless, and catching him in his arms, lifted him entirely from the ground. But the stratagem (if so it may be called) did not succeed, for the innate propelling motion of the leg hurried him on along with his burthen at the same rate as before. He set him, therefore, down again, and stooping, pressed violently on one of the springs that protruded a little behind. In an instant the unhappy Mynheer Von Wodenblock was off like an arrow, calling out in the most piteous accents—"I am lost! I am lost! I am possessed by a devil in the shape of a cork leg! Stop me! For Heaven's sake stop me! I am breathless—I am fainting! Will nobody shatter my leg to pieces? Turningvort! Turningvort! You have murdered me!" The artist, perplexed and confounded, was hardly in a situation more to be envied. Scarcely knowing what he did, he fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and with strained and staring eyeballs, looked after the richest merchant in Rotterdam, running with the speed of an enraged buffalo, away along the canal towards Leyden, and bellowing for help as loudly as his exhaustion would permit.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from Rotterdam, but the sun had not yet set, when the Misses Backsneider, who were sitting at their parlour window, immediately opposite the "Golden Lion," drinking tea, and nodding to their friends as they passed, saw some one coming at furious speed along the street. His face was pale as ashes, and he gasped fearfully for breath; but, without turning either to the right or the left, he hurried by at the same rapid state, and was out of sight almost before they had time to exclaim, "Good gracious! was not that Mynheer Von Wodenblock, the rich merchant of Rotterdam?"

Next day was Sunday. The inhabitants of Haarlem were all going to church, in their best attire, to say their prayers, and hear their great organ, when a being rushed across the market-place, like an animated corpse—white, blue, cold, and speechless, his eyes fixed, his lips livid, his teeth set, and his hands clenched. Every one cleared a way for it in silent horror; and there was not a person in Haarlem who did not believe it a dead body endowed with the power of motion.

On it went through village and town, towards the great wilds and forests of Germany. Weeks, months, years past on, but at intervals the horrible shape was seen, and still continues to be seen, in various parts of the north of Europe. The clothes, however, which he who was once Mynheer Von Wodenblock used to wear, have all mouldered away; the flesh, too, has fallen from his bones, and he is now a skeleton—a skeleton in all but the cork leg, which still, in its original rotundity and size, continues attached to the spectral form, a *perpetuum mobile*, dragging the wearied bones for ever and for ever over the earth!

May all good saints protect us from broken legs; and may there never again appear a mechanician like Turningvort, to supply us with cork substitutes of so awful and mysterious a power!—*The Oriental Observer.*

THOUGHTS AND THINGS WORTH NOTING.

Exercise.—Exercise in the open air is essential to the well-being of every person. The interval between breakfast and dinner is the period for active exertion; and the enjoyment of it, when not attended with severe fatigue, will strengthen and invigorate all the functions of the body. This too, is the period when the mind may direct its energies with the greatest chance of success.

The more quietly and peaceably we all get on the better. In nine cases out of ten the wisest course is, if a man cheat you, quit dealing with him; if he be abusive, quit his company; if he slander you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him.

There is a thread in our thoughts, as there is a pulse in our hearts; he who can hold the one knows how to think, and he who can move the other knows how to feel.—*D'Israeli.*

The best Drinking Water.—"The purest water with which we are acquainted," says Sir Humphrey Davy, "is undoubtedly that which falls from the atmosphere; having touched air alone, it can contain nothing but what it can gain from the atmosphere; and all artificial contact, even from the vessels in which it may be collected, gives more or less of contamination." In descending through the atmosphere, however, the rain drops absorb a certain quantity of carbonic acid, for which water has a great avidity, and which gives its fresh and sparkling character, so that distilled, or any water deprived of its carbonic acid, is always peculiarly flat and insipid.

A good Housewife.—The thrifty disposition, the regularity and neatness, the ideas of order and management, inspired by the conscious ability and successful exertion in good housewifery, cannot be too highly prized, or diligently cultivated; for the result is *moral.* The orderly house but reflects the orderly mind; the humble wife and mother, whose active, indefatigable hand, silently executing her careful ingenious thoughts, improves the comforts, the visible respectability, and real condition of her husband and children, is mistress of a secret for blending her best and tenderest affections with the employment of every day; she contrives judiciously what she constantly and earnestly meditates, and finds no weariness in the labour to which strength continually flows from a deep fountain in her heart.

HOW AN OLD MAN FOUND COMFORT IN DEATH.

My uncle, one day, gave us a narrative of the priest's death, which I have ever thought as affecting and useful in the moral it inculcates, as any I had ever heard. The latter days of the aged priest had not been as happy as his friends could have desired: he had lost his sight for nearly four years, and, what was more painful still, because two or three young persons, in his large congregation, had entered on evil courses, of whom he had hoped better things, he was continually agitated by the idea that he had not sufficiently instructed his flock. Laborious and exemplary priest! never was scruple more groundless, for late and early, in weal and woe, sickness or health, his children (as he always called his congregation) felt the soothing or controling influence of his benevolent spirit, and deep and universal was the pity now felt at seeing him, when four-score winters had shed their snows on his tall undrooping frame, and when blindness had deprived him of most external comforts, harassed by mental sufferings also, as uninterrupted and painful as they were unexpected and unmerited. And then the manner in which he displayed his griefs, from its very simplicity tended to awaken greater compassion. He wandered about the house and garden, and if any familiar voice or footfall reached his ear, he called the person to him, and it mattered not whether priest or laic, old or young, begged him to sit down, *required him to repeat some part of the catechism,* and implored his visitor to forgive past neglect.

Nature at length began to sink under the inroads of age and sorrow, and it became evident that in a very short time his mortal career must terminate. The affection of his flock, and the good old Catholic spirit were then particularly evinced. A novena was commenced, that God would be pleased to restore peace to his mind, and the chapel was filled with prayers, than which none were ever offered up with more tears or earnest devotion; but, indeed, all seemed vain. It is true, the last sacrament gave some and great relief, but he still lay on his bed, in one fixed and dejected attitude, great tears, at times, rolling from his closed eyes, and though he seldom spoke, his very silence told of the heavy agony of his spirit; or if encouraged to address God in the short and imploring prayers he uttered from time to time, he generally wandered at last to his delusion, and ended with his constant expression of regret, "*that he could no longer do any good for religion.*"

Now it happened, that all his life the old man had been celebrated for a sort of charity which is not valued, I fear, in these days so much as it was formerly. It had been his custom to keep two boys in his house, whom he instructed for some years, and then sending them to college, to prepare two others in like manner; and thus, by dint of self-denials, the presents of pious friends, and careful husbanding of his own little patrimony, he had been the instrument of giving many zealous and holy pastors to the Church. Eight of these, who owed their education to him, hearing of his grievous sickness, assembled round his bed, and were kneeling there at the very moment of his death.

It was with no common emotion, I recollect, that my uncle described the immediate dissolution of his old relative. The month was June; the hamlet, in which he lived, lay among hills, and although the windows were open, every place and person seemed hushed into sympathetic silence, and nothing interfered with the fixedness of the scene but the alternate light and shadows which coursed the hill-side. The chapel was crowded, for the report had gone abroad that the old man was in agony, and while, with many tears and contagious sobs, the congregation recited the litany for a departing soul. The large bed-chamber, one door of which opened into the rude chapel, was filled with priests, silent, and rapt in supplication.

"O Lord," then his own clerics exclaimed, "take pity on thy helpless servant, and restore to him thy peace. Though his limbs are weak, he has left to us his power to do good, and as we have divided his strength amongst us, let him, for thy mercy's sake, share whatever comforts thou hast reserved for us."

"Stop!" cried the dying man, with the energy of one possessed of perfect health, suddenly rising in his bed, clasping hand to hand, while a stream of glorious light flowed over every feature, and he looked upwards with such intensity of vision that my uncle always affirmed that sight was then at least fully restored. "Stop, repeat that prayer once more."

They were staggered by this instantaneous burst of sense, strength, and the exhiliration, as it were, of a disenthralled spirit, and they repeated in a bewildered manner the same prayer again.

"Enough," he faintly continued; "I die in peace; the fountains of the great deep of God's goodness have burst upon my soul; even now I am filled with the raptures of his presence; I see Heaven, and its angels, bowing down to bid me welcome. O God, forgive my complaint that I could no longer do good; still on earth thou hast enabled me to do good in them, and thou art sharing their rewards with me, at this moment, on my path to heaven;" and as he thus spoke, he sank down gently and expired.

A FRAGMENT.

——It was a beautiful and holy vale,
Gemm'd with the lily cup, and painted o'er
With skiey violets. The briar-rose
And blush'd carnations flung their ruby leaves,
As free as fairy gifts, on every wind;
And from its home of humbleness and peace,
Peep'd forth the virgin daisy crown'd with dew,
Like Purity upon a sinning world,
So meek and unassuming, yet so scorn'd!
Sweet dell of dreaming fancy! there the spirit
Of fragrance mounted on his scented wing,
Wooing each bee that strode the sighing wind,
And in a thousand chalices of gold
Feasted the pilgrim butterfly and all
Of light or life, that whil'd their little hour
In sunshine, frolic, and in revelry.
——And round that little vale, as if to guard
Its beauty from the ruffian tempest's ire,
Stood ranks of brother trees—the fir, the oak
With its Briarean arms, the scarlet beech,
And poplar graceful as the nascent pride
Of Youth's own loveliness;—these with their leaves
Of Summer-tinted colours wreath'd a dome,
Through which the truant sun-beam vainly tried
To pour his flood of light, and whence the Zephyr
With flagging wing essay'd in vain to steal
Laden with plunder from the flower-fill'd air.
Oh! 'twas the heavenliest spot that Earth could yield
To Fancy first and fairest orisons!
Meet home for some young Anchorite, whose soul,
Pall'd by the taste of evil, dreamingly
Yearn'd for a solitude, where, shrin'd with God,
His days might melt in love, and he might drink
The breezy air of Nature, pure of man.

The Valley of Mexico.—Conceive yourself placed on a mountain, nearly two thousand feet above the valley, and nine thousand above the level of the sea. A sky above you of the most perfect azure, without a cloud, and an atmosphere so transparently pure, that the remotest objects at the distance of many leagues are as distinctly visible as if at hand. The gigantic scale of every thing first strikes you—you seem to be looking down upon *a world.* No other mountain and valley view has such an assemblage of features, because no where else are the mountains at the same time so high, the valley so wide, or filled with such variety of land and water. The plain beneath is exceedingly level, and for two hundred miles around it extends a barrier of stupendous mountains, most of which have been active volcanos, and are now covered, some with snow, and some with forests. It is laced with large bodies of water looking more like seas than lakes—it is dotted with innumerable villages, and estates, and plantations; eminences rise from it which, elsewhere, would be called mountains, yet there, at your feet, they seem but ant-hills on the plain; and now, letting your eye follow the rise of the mountains to the west (near fifty miles distant), you look over the immediate summits that wall the valley, to another and more distant range—and to range beyond range, with valleys between each, until the whole melts into a vapoury distance, blue as the cloudless sky above you. I could have gazed for hours at this little world, while the sun and passing vapour chequered the fields, and sailing off again, left the whole one bright mass of verdure and water—bringing out clearly the domes of the village churches studding the plain or leaning against the first slopes of the mountains, with the huge lakes looming larger in the rarefied atmosphere. Yet one thing was wanting. Over the immense expanse there seemed scarce an evidence of life. There were no figures in the picture. It lay torpid in the sunlight, like some deserted region where Nature was again beginning to assert her empire—vast, solitary, and melancholy. There were no sails—no steamers on the lakes, no smoke over the villages, no people at labour in the fields, no horsemen, coaches, or travellers, but ourselves. The silence was almost supernatural; one expects to hear the echo of the national strife that filled these plains with discord yet lingering among the hills. It was a picture of "still life" inanimate in every feature, save where, on the distant mountain sides, the fire of some poor coal-burner, mingled its blue wreath with the bluer sky, or the tinkle of the bell of a solitary muleteer was heard from among the dark and solemn pines.—*Mayer's Mexico.*

OUR FOREFATHERS AND GARDENING.

WHETHER our forefathers, whose piety greatly exceeded ours, used to be struck with this reflection or not, I will not pretend to say, but this is certain, that the monks, friars, and pilgrims, of the early ages, were the first cultivators of botany, and the gardens of convents were the first repositories of curious and useful plants. Labouring continually in corporal as well as in spiritual works of mercy, the religious orders of old collected whatever was useful or beautiful among plants, and converted all which were esculent or medicinal to the use of the poor, who were the continual objects of their solicitude.

When they finished their hours of prayer, it was to begin hours of instruction; when they closed their breviaries, it was to open their hearts: they went from the study of the missal to the practice of mercy: and if they hung up their beads, it was to shower down blessings. Life was divided between the adoration of God and the assistance of man, that both parts of charity might be duly exercised. The garden was not merely a place of recreation, but of utility; and a monastery was, in good old Catholic times, the greatest comfort of the neighbourhood in which it stood. This is not a chimerical but a true view of ancient manners; and if we will examine into the very names of plants, to take only one proof out of many others that exist, we shall find that they testify to the piety of their early cultivators, and remind us of times when the catholic religion resolved every natural object into a memento of holiness, and taught men to see God in all things. When the great European Babel began, at that period ridiculously enough called the "Reformation," and the misuse of words became general, right being called wrong, and wrong right, the very names of plants were changed, in order to divert men's minds from the least recollection of ancient Christian piety. A very cursory glance at the popular names for plants will convince us of this.*

The following are a few examples which occur, all of medicinal plants whose names have been changed in later times. The *Virgin's Bower*, of the monastic physicians, was changed into Flammula Jovis, by the new pharmacians. The *Hedge Hyssop*, into Gratiola—the *St. John's Wort*, so called from blowing about St. John the Baptist's day, was changed into Hypericum—*Fleur de St. Louis*, into Iris—*Palma Christi*, into Ricinus—*Our Master Wort*, into Imperatoria—*Sweet Bay*, into Laurus—*Our Lady's Smock*, into Cardimine—*Solomon's Seal*, into Convallaria—*Our Lady's Hair*, into Trichomanes—*Balm*, into Melissa—*Marjorum*, into Origanum—*Crow foot*, Ranunculus—*Herb Trinity*, into Heartsease—*Avens*, into Caryophyllata—*Coltsfoot*, into Tussilago—*Knee Holy*, into Rascus—*Wormwood*, into Absinthium—*Rosemary*, into Rosmarinus—*Marygold*, into Calundula, and so on. Thus the ancient names were not only changed, but in this change all the references to religious subjects, which would have led people to a knowledge of their culture among the monastic orders, were carefully left out. Mark well this circumstance, for trifling as it may appear, it will gain importance with reference to my argument, when I show that similar attempts have also been made in other sciences to obliterate the traces of Catholic science, utility, and humanity.

Moreover, we shall find that in cases almost too trivial to notice, the same trick has been played, in order, as it would seem, to fix the æra of science and the revival of knowledge at no earlier period than the pretended "Reformation."

And here it may be observed, that it was the same disposition to convert every thing into a religious memorial, if I may so express it, which, on a larger scale, and with still sublimer views, painted the storied windows of a cathedral with sacred history; which erected pious images, and lighted candles and lamps to them; which garnished the altar; which placed the cock, the emblem of vigilance, on the top of the steeple; and which, in short, made every thing typical of religious obligation, and became a daily incentive to the cardinal virtues, by resuscitating great events in our memories. The same pious spirit hung the ivy and holly berries up at Christmas, burnt lights on the eve of the Purification, in short, caused all the festive joys and ceremonies connected with our religion, at a time when the merry wake, and Christmas carol, and the festive mirth of New Year's Day, gladdened the heart of the rich and the poor, assembled together in a season of joyousness, and in the gothic hall of OLD BRITISH HOSPITALITY, before the desolating violence of the pretended Reformation enervated the vigour of the mind, paralysed the hand of charity, and gave us pauperism and the poor laws as a substitute.

But we will take a few more examples. Enter into any garden, and the common name of *Marygold*, *Our Lady's Seal Our Lady's Bed-straw*, *Holy Oak*, corrupted into Holyhock, *The Virgin's Thistle*, *St. Barnaby's Thistle*, *Herb Trinity*, *Herb St. Christopher*, *Herb St. Robert*, *Herb St. Timothy*, *Jacob's Ladder*, *Star of Bethlehem*, now called Ornithogalum; *Star of Jerusalem*, now made Goatsbeard; *Passion Flower*, now Passiflora; *Lent Lilly*, now Daffodil; *Canterbury Bells*, so called in honour of St. Augustine, but now made into Camponula; *Cursed Thistle*, now Carduus — besides *Archangel*, *Apple of Jerusalem*, *St. Paul's Botany*, *Basil*, *Herb St. Barbe*, *Herb St. Barbara*, *Bishopsweed*, Herba Christi, *Herba Benedicta*, *Herb St. Margaret*, erroneously converted into *La Belle Marguerite*; *God's Flower*, Flos Jovis; *Job's Tears*, *Our Lady's Laces*, *Our Lady's Mantle*, *Our Lady's Slipper*, *Monk's Hood*, *Friar's Cowl*, *St. Peter's Herb*, *Bean of St. Ignatius*, *Jesuit's Bark*, and a hundred more such:—go into any garden, I say, and these names will remind every one at once of the knowledge of plants possessed by the monks, most of them having been named after the Festivals and Saints' Days on which their natural time of blowing happened to occur; and others were so called, from the tendency of the minds of the Religious Orders of those days *to convert every thing into a memento of sacred History, and the holy Religion which we profess.*

If we could divest the histories of England of the wilful falsehoods inserted into them, for they are often no better than romances, and could get at the truth, we should find that so far from society having improved since the "Reformation," there has really been a change for the worse in this respect of so appalling a nature, that it is calculated only to make us throw down our pen in disgust of human pretensions and the boasted improvements of the age we live in.

Go, physician and moralist, into the gardens of ruined monasteries, and behold in the curious plants which still grow there, as if wild, the scources of your art, and the traces of those monks who revived physic in Europe. Proceed to search out the remains of the hospitals they founded, and examine the real history of their conduct in administering therein the blessings of medicine and of raiment to the poor.—*Dr. Forster.*

* See also a great list of these names in the Pocket Encyclopedia of Gardening, published by Dr. Forster, 12mo. London, 1827.

VARIETIES.

Choice of Friends.—Those persons who gain the hearts of most people, who are chosen as the companions of their softer hours, and their relief from anxiety and care, are seldom persons of shining qualities or strong virtues; it is rather the soft green of the soul, on which we rest our eyes that are fatigued with beholding more glaring objects.

An overweening affection for money, an idolatrous worship of gain, have absolutely confounded the general intellect, and warped the judgment of many to that excess, that, in estimating man or things, they refer always to "What is he worth?" or "What will it fetch?" Were we to point out a person as he passes, and say, "There goes a good man, one who has not a vice," he would scarcely be noticed; but exclaim, "That man is worth £.500,000!" and he will be stared at till out of sight.

What is Virtue.—The emperor Sigismund, in conversation with Theodoric, archbishop of Cologne, asked the primate how he ought to act to obtain happiness. "We cannot, Sir, expect it in this world." "Which then is the way to happiness hereafter?" "You must act virtuously." "What do you mean by that expression?" "I mean," answered Theodoric, "that *you* should always pursue that plan of conduct which you promise to do whilst you are labouring under a fit of the gout, indigestion, or bile."

Advice to Mechanics and Artisans.—Recollect that punctuality is a sort of virtue; the thing promised should always be done at the time, and well done; observe this, and you need give yourself no fears of a want of business.

That man and that woman who live together quietly and godlily, doing the work of their vocation and fearing God, hearing His word and keeping it; theirs is a religious house—theirs is the house that pleaseth God.

How to make Money.—Let the business of every body else alone, and attend to your own; don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study to make even leisure hours useful; think twice before you throw away a shilling, remember you will have another to make for it; find recreation in looking after your business; buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and if you find an error, trace it out; should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should fail in the struggle, you will be honoured; but shrink from the task, and you will be despised.

REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.

THE *Old Year* being dead, and the *New Year* coming of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the *Days* in the year were invited. The *Festivals*, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the *Fasts* should be admitted. Some said, the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by *Christmas Day*, who had a design upon *Ash Wednesday* (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would behave himself in his cups. Only the *Vigils* were requested to come with their lanterns, to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the *Days* came to their Day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table; with an occasional knife and fork at the side-board for the *Twenty-Ninth of February*.

I should have told you, that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the *Hours*; twelve little, merry, whirligig footpages, as you should desire to see, that went all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of *Easter Day*, *Shrove Tuesday*, and a few such *Moveables*, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul *Days*, fine *Days*, all sorts of *Days*, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, Hail! fellow *Day*—well met—brother *Day*—sister *Day*—only *Lady Day* kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said, *Twelfth Day* cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost-cake, all royal, glittering, and *Epiphanous*. The rest came, some in green, some in white—but old *Lent and his family* were not yet out of mourning. Rainy *Days* came in, dripping; and sun-shiny *Days* helped them to change their stockings. *Wedding Day* was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear. *Pay Day* came late, as he always does; and *Doomsday* sent word—he might be expected.

April Fool (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made with it. It would have posed old Erra Pater to have found out any given *Day* in the year, to erect a scheme upon—good *Days*, bad *Days*, were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopy.

He had stuck the *Twenty-First of June* next to the *Twenty-Second of December*, and the former looked like a Maypole siding a marrow-bone. *Ash Wednesday* got wedged in (as was concerted) betwixt *Christmas* and *Lord Mayor's Days*. Lord! how he laid about him! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him—to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker. And still *Christmas Day* was at his elbow, plying him with the wassail-bowl, till he roared, and hiccupp'd, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the devil for a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious, hy-po-crit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipt his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his *left-hand neighbour*, and daubed his hungry beard all over with it, till you would have taken him for the *Last Day in December*, it so hung in icicles.

At another part of the table, *Shrove Tuesday* was helping the *Second of September* to some cock broth—which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a hen pheasant—so there was no love lost for that matter. The *Last of Lent* was spunging upon *Shrovetide's* pancakes; which *April Fool* perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a *good fri-day*.

In another part, a hubbub arose about the *Thirtieth of January*, who, it seems, being a sour puritanic character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calf's head, which he had had cooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast thereon incontinently; but as it lay in the dish *March Many-weathers*, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the meagrims, screamed out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about Herodias' daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a *Restorative*, confected of *Oak Apple*, which the merry *Twenty-Ninth of May* always carries about with him for that purpose.

The King's health * being called for after this, a notable dispute arose between the *Twelfth of August* (a zealous old Whig gentlewoman), and the *Twenty-Third of April* (a new-fangled lady of the Tory stamp), as to which of them should have the honour to propose it. *August* grew hot upon the matter, affirming time out of mind the prescriptive right to have lain with her, till her rival had basely supplanted her; whom she represented as little better than a *kept* mistress, who went about in *fine clothes*, while she (the legitimate BIRTHDAY) had scarcely a rag, &c.

April Fool, being made mediator, confirmed the right in the strongest form of words to the appellant, but decided for peace' sake that the exercise of it should remain with the present possessor. At the same time, he slyly rounded the first lady in the ear, that an action might lie against the Crown for *bi-geny*.

It beginning to grow a little duskish, *Candlemas* lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the *Days*, who protested against burning daylight. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the *same lady* was observed to take an unusual time in *Washing* herself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly *New Year* from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, and at the same time to abate (if anything was found unreasonable) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four *Quarter Days* involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled; *April Fool* whistled to an old tune of "New Brooms;" and a surly old rebel at the farther end of the table (who was discovered to be no other than the *Fifth of November*) muttered out, distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company, words to this effect, that, "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." Which rudeness of his, the guests resenting, unanimously voted his expulsion; and the male-content was thrust out neck and heels into the cellar, as the properest place for such a *boutefeu* and firebrand as he had shown himself to be.

Order being restored—the young lord (who, to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory) in as few, and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor *Twenty-Ninth of February*, that had sate all this while mum-chance at the side-board, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him—which he drank accordingly; observing, that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years—with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time, removing the solitary *Day* from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the *Greek Calends* and *Latter Lammas*.

Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a Carol, which *Christmas Day* had taught him for the nonce; and was followed by the latter, who gave "Miserere" in fine style, hitting off the mumping notes and lengthened drawl of *Old Mortification* with infinite humour. *April Fool* swore they had exchanged conditions; but *Good Friday* was ob-

* King George IV.

served to look extremely grave; and *Sunday* held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.

Shrove-tide, *Lord Mayor's Day*, and *April Fool*, next joined in a glee—

"Which is the properest day to drink ?"

in which all the *Days* chiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—the *Quarter Days* said, there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But *April Fool* gave it in favour of the *Forty Days before Easter;* because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept *lent* all the year.

All this while *Valentine's Day* kept courting pretty *May*, who sate next him, slipping amorous *billets-doux* under the table, till the *Dog Days* (who are naturally of a warm constitution) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. *April Fool*, who likes a bit of sport above measure, and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed,—clapped and halloo'd them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the *Ember Days*, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame; and all was in a ferment; till old Madam *Septuagesima* (who boasts herself the *Mother of the Days*) wisely diverted the conversation with a tedious tale of the lovers which she could reckon when she was young; and of one Master *Rogation Day* in particular, who was for ever putting the *question* to her; but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell—by which I apprehend she meant the Almanack. Then she rambled on to the *Days that were gone*, the *good old Days*, and so to the *Days before the Flood*—which plainly showed her old head to be little better than crazed and doited.

Day being ended, the *Days* called for their cloaks and great-coats, and took their leaves. *Lord Mayor's Day* went off in a Mist, as usual; *Shortest Day* in a deep black Fog, that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog. Two *Vigils*—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw *Christmas Day* safe home—they had been used to the business before. Another *Vigil*—a stout, sturdy patrole, called the *Eve of St. Christopher*—seeing *Ash Wednesday* in a condition litt'e better than he should be—e'en whipt him over his shoulders, pick-a-back fashion, and *Old Mortification* went floating home singing—

"On the bat's back do I fly."

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober; but very few Aves or Penitentiaries (you may believe me) were among them. *Longest Day* set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but *Valentine* and pretty *May* took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

The effects of Heat.—"Some years since, when a young man, I undertook to build a large organ, and I succeeded even beyond my own expectations, which were yet sanguine enough, for it was admitted on all hands that the instrument I produced was one of a remarkably fine tone. It was built on *theory*, for I had never seen the interior of one till I had finished mine, and knew nothing whatever practically of the construction of them. Flushed with this success, I did not see any reason in *theory*, to prevent my connecting a piano-forte with my organ; on the contrary, I conceived that they would improve each other. I conceived that, by a union, the bad effect of the sudden stop of the organ would be remedied in a great measure by the cadence of the piano-forte, and the mixed tone of the two would produce an effect pleasing and harmonious to the ear. I ultimately succeeded in practice, and combined the two by the same set of keys, and affixed pedals, so as to enable the performer to play the instruments either separately or together, as might please his fancy. The effect certainly was very delightful, and the expression far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The instrument being now complete and in fine tone, I invited my friends to witness the effect of it; and after waiting in anxious expectation I was at last requested to play. I sat down, and, commencing with a fine slow movement, began presently to change my modulation and time into what musicians call an "allegro." Now, then, was the moment to introduce the lively notes of the piano; accordingly I removed my foot from the silent pedal, expecting to enrapture my audience, and receive "showers of applause." But judge of, and pity my feelings when I tell you, that instead of a "concord of sweet sounds," my instrument poured forth the most frightful discords that ever fought together for the especial discomfiture of musical ears! You may easily conceive my chagrin and disappointment. The mischief (as you will perhaps have anticipated) was occasioned by this property of heat which we are now considering. The number of persons in the room, added to a better fire, perhaps, than was usual, varied the *temperature;* and, consequently the metallic strings of the piano were expanded by it, their tension became diminished, and of course the notes were all flattened; while those of the organ pipes were rather affected in the opposite way, so that they produced together a complete separation and discord. The next morning when the temperature of the room was reduced, the instrument was again in perfect tune."

Gurney on Chemistry.

The Hypochondriac Prince.—Many distinguished persons, from a diseased imagination, have fallen into strange notions regarding their personal identity and character. In the memoirs of Count du Maurepas, there is an account of a singular hypochondriac, in the person of the Prince of Bourbon. He once imagined himself to be a hare; and would suffer no bell to be rung in the palace, lest the noise should scare him in the woods. Another time, he fancied himself to be a plant; and, as he stood in the garden, insisted upon being watered. He, some time afterwards, imagined he was dead, and refused all nourishment, for which he said he had no farther occasion. This last whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marshal Luxembourg; and who, after some conversation concerning the shades, invited him to dine with Marshal Turenne. Our hypochondriac followed them into a cellar, prepared for the purpose, where he made a hearty dinner. While this turn of his disorder prevailed he always dined in the cellar with some noble guest. It is somewhat remarkable that this strange fantasy did not incapacitate him for business, especially where his immediate interests were concerned. Hypochondriacism is, doubtless, produced, in a great measure, from deep study, or from an artificial mode of living, and a want of proper air and exercise. We seldom hear of a ploughman or an industrious artisan falling into that diseased state of imagination, and considering themselves hares, vegetables, plants, or disembodied spirits.

Food of the Bedouins.—Milk forms the principal diet of this Arcadian race; and they deride the dwellers in cities for eating birds or fowls, declaring that their flesh must have travelled upon four legs during life, to be at all palatable. An ancient camel, a buck goat, or a bull calf, is occasionally slaughtered with a *Bismillah*, and the flesh not immediately consumed, cut into long thin collops, and dried in the sun, to be stuffed again into the skin for future use. Meat is broiled among the embers upon closely packed pebbles, which prevents its coming into contact with the ashes; and the master of the house, taking his seat upon the ground beside a lump of raw liver, places a wedge-shaped stone under either heel, in order to impart a slight inclination to the body, and thus preserve the balance without personal exertion. Picking the bones one by one out of the fire, he seizes alternate mouthfuls of the grilled and the raw flesh, between the teeth, and with an upward motion of the creese, divides them close to his nose.—*Major Harris's Highlands of Æthiopia.*

Instinct of Plants.—Observation shows, that plants have hours devoted to rest, during which time they make little or no progress in growth. A curious proof of this statement was offered by an account of the experiments of a gentleman, who had an artificial illumination kept up in his graperies throughout the night; and where this was done, the grapes ripened sooner by several weeks; but subsequent accounts informed us that the vines thus stimulated were much weakened. Some plants, like certain animals, have been ordained for night; and these, accordingly, are active only during those hours; the night-blowing *cerus* is an example of this sort. Others that flourish and increase during the day, close their flowers, and frequently their leaves, remaining inactive throughout the night.—*Magazine of Science.*

Matthew Lansbery used to say, "If you wish to have a shoe made of durable materials, you should make the upper-leather of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in water."